Detention in the Dungeons

by DarkFate

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Oneshot.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Hi! Just a little oneshot, hope you all like it!

Detention in the Dungeons

The room echoed with the steady sound of vigorous scrubbing matched by the swift scratching of a quill on parchment. The sounds blended together, complementing each other in a strange sort of harmony. Professor Severus Snape sat at his desk marking papers while supervising two errant students as they scrubbed cauldrons. He was supervising yet another detention for the two trouble-makers that plagued his existence and was quite content to have them scrubbing all night if need be. This was their third detention in less than two weeks. That was bad enough, but it was also the first month back from the summer holidays and already they were wreaking havoc. Just thinking about the mayhem that followed them gave him a headache. Those two had been inflicting themselves on him in his classroom for three long and stressful years... *only four more years before I can happily send them off to harass another individual,* he reminded himself repeatedly. It was a thought that brought him much relief and a cruel sense of satisfaction.

He glanced up when he heard them slow in their scrubbing pace. "I don't have all night, hurry it up!" he growled, startling them back into renewing their vigour.

"Yes, Professor," they grudgingly replied in unison.

He glared at them for a few minutes longer for good measure, before returning to his marking. Unfortunately, the papers were no more rewarding, as they ranged from somewhat passable to positively abysmal. Rolling his eyes in exasperation, Severus dipped his quill into the harsh red ink and scratched an equally harsh comment on the parchment before him. *Either I am losing my memory, or these papers are getting more and more appalling every year.* Severus thought, suppressing a grimace.

He paused in his marking again and looked at the two students he was supervising. The similarity between the two was striking in this situation, with both standing side by side hunched over their cauldrons. *Quite similar and yet so different,* his mind reminded him. Yes, they were certainly different in that one was a Slytherin while the other was a Gryffindor. This time he really did grimace. *So much for being twins!* Even more shocking perhaps was that it was Camille rather than Calix who was placed in Slytherin. The professors were all quite surprised when the 'dangerous duo' first showed up at Hogwarts. It was clear from day one, however, that house boundaries would not hinder those two from wreaking havoc in the school. It was amusing though to see the looks of shock on the faces of both professors and students when the twins would traipse into the Great Hall arm-in-arm. They did not seem to be affected by the house rivalries or the opinions of their classmates. Annoying though they may be in his classroom, Severus grudgingly respected them for standing up to the other students and for going against such a long held tradition. Not that he would ever admit it,

though. No, that would only foster their egos, and heaven forbid they should ever find out that the dreaded Potions master might hold a modicum of respect for them. Yes, it would definitely be disastrous indeed if they knew he was anything other than completely disapproving of them and their antics.

Twenty minutes later the steady rhythm of brushes against cauldrons came to a stop. Looking up he saw that they had finished their task, and just before curfew too. They both looked exhausted, tiredly wiping their brows of the perspiration that had collected from their hard labour.

"We're done, sir," Calix announced.

"Good. Now put everything away and tidy yourselves," Severus responded tersely.

"Yes, sir," they replied in unison.

A few moments later, they presented themselves before his desk, wearing matching expressions of shame. They stood with eyes downcast, exchanging sideward glances, unsure who should speak first, or if they should even speak at all.

"Have you learned your lesson this time?" Severus quizzed, leaning forward and fixing them with a piercing stare.

"Yes, sir," they mumbled quietly.

"And...." he prompted, quirking an eyebrow.

Calix shuffled his feet a bit and after a moment and what appeared to be an internal battle, grudgingly apologized, promising never to do it again. Severus nodded in approval and turned to look at the young Slytherin girl, expecting a similar statement of apology from her.

"Camille," he said warningly, when it was clear she was not about to repeat her brother's sentiments.

"But we didn't really do anything *wrong*, they deserved it for being a bunch of mean prats!" she exclaimed finally.

Severus sighed in exasperation; sometimes he forgot that her mother had been equally self-righteous when she was his student. Shaking his head, he could only think that she really was her mother's daughter.

"Camille, we have been through this, you cannot simply prank anyone you don't like," he explained as patiently as he could.

"It wasn't *just* because I didn't like them; they were saying mean things about Lena," she said petulantly.

"Which is why *they* are serving their detention with Filch, but that is not excuse enough to justify what you did. When something like that happens you are to report it to a professor or one of the head students, understood?"

She glared and tilted her head up in petulant defiance, lips pouted and eyes blazing.

"Is that understood, Camille?" he asked again, this time his voice and eyes hardened, showing he would not give any more lenience to her stubbornness.

Sighing, knowing she was defeated, the girl dropped her chin and looked up at him once more from beneath her lashes, gauging his expression one last time before dropping her head further.

"I'm sorry," she said finally, pouting slightly.

"Good," he said curtly, not feeling even an ounce of remorse for having extracted the apology from the girl.

He let them stew in their guilt for a few more moments and continued with his marking before finally taking pity on them. "Enough of that," he said in exasperation as he looked up and took in their downhearted postures.

"Stand up straight and enough pouting; it won't get either of you anywhere with me today. You did something wrong, you've had your punishment, and that's the end of it," he said with finality.

Knowing they were forgiven, the twins straightened up as ordered and relaxed their postures in relief, their tiredness from their manual labour showing once again. After a beat of silence Calix spoke up again.

"You know, they really did deserve it, Dad."

"It's true! They were saying the *meanest* most *horrible* things about little Lena, Daddy!" Camille corroborated enthusiastically.

"I'm sure they were, and you may stand up for your cousin as much as you wish, as long as you are only defending her with you *words*," Severus said, emphasizing the last word as a warning.

"Oh, all right, we said we were sorry," Camille conceded petulantly.

"Yes, you did," Severus agreed, his lips twitching with amusement. Sometimes he didn't know if he should be amused or exasperated at her antics. Personally, he blamed the twins' propensity for making trouble on the Weasley twins. He always maintained that they had corrupted his children from a young age, and in his defence, even his wife, for all her affection for the Weasley twins, could not in good conscience refute his claim.

"All right, off to bed with you now. Calix, be sure to walk your sister to her dormitory before going up to Gryffindor Tower."

"Sure, Dad, goodnight," Calix replied obediently, giving his father a bright smile despite his recent scolding. Camille gave her father a kiss goodnight before following her brother out of the classroom.

Severus followed them out, locking the classroom behind him and gladly made his way to his chambers. He entered the sitting room and sank gratefully into his favourite chair, closing his eyes in an attempt to relieve the stress and tension of the day.

"Long day?" a feminine voice asked from across the room, laughter in her voice.

"Thanks to your children," he murmured disgruntled.

"So I've heard. However, I ought to remind you that they are as much yours as mine, so don't go blaming their antics on me."

"Maybe so, but they certainly take after you more; you always were a troublemaker during your school years."

"Hardly, and might I remind you that you're no saint either; I am perfectly aware of the kind of stunts you pulled during *your* Hogwarts years," she countered curtly.

He opened his eyes and glared moodily at his wife. He hated it when she was right *Damn Minerva for spilling my school years secrets to her,* he thought in annoyance. Worse, he mentally shuddered at the thought that his children's latest exploit was in the defence of bloody Potter's offspring. It made him even more tired just thinking

about it.

"All right, Hermione, I concede your point."

"Excellent; then shall we turn in for the night?"

"Mmm," he hummed in agreement before adding, "Besides, Merlin knows what new hell those two brats will rain down on us tomorrow."

After all, tomorrow is a new day.

Thanks for reading! Leave a review, please. :)